

27
RHODON
AND IRIS. J. 411

Robert A Holmes

PASTORALL,
AS IT WAS PRE-
sented at the FLORISTS

His Feast in Norwich, *Hooker*
May 3. 1631.

90
1689
Vrbis & orbis gloria Flora.



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Bible in Greene-Arbour. 1631.

RHODON
AND IRIS.

By the Rev. J. C. ...

PASTORAL
AS IT WAS PRE

pared at the ...

Tell in ...

M. ...

MUSEUM

with ...



Printed by ...
in ...



To the right Worshipfull, Mr. NICHOLAS BACON of Gillingham,
Esquire.

Noble Sir:



Considering your true affection to Poesie, which (no doubt) proceeds from your singular perfection in that art; seeing also how fervently you are addicted to a speculation of the vertues and beauties of all flowers; I could not choose but present you with the patronage of this dramaticall peece, bringing this small sacrifice to the Altar of your worth, as the little Birds (having nought else) were wont to bring their feathers, and the Bees their waxe, to the Oracle of *Apollo*.

*Yet though the worke doth crave nor Bayes, nor Cedar,
But the mild censure of a gracious Reader.*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*This to the proudest Criticke I dare tell,
It feares nor Frankincense, nor Mackerell;
Nor terrible Tabacco, that consumes
Atlanticke volumes in his smothering fumes.*

But howsoever this small pittance may seeme
unworthy your acceptance, yet expecting to find
your worth a protection for my weaknesse, I re-
pose my selfe in an assured hope of your favour,
and rest till a more reall occasion may make you
a more true owner of my service.

Yours really,

R. A. KNEVET.



To his much respected friends, the Society of Florists.

Gentlemen,



O you I am to speake of the fairest of Vegetals, Flowers, the minions of the spring, and for their beauties, deserving the title of terrestriall starres, being of such excellency, that (if you will beleieve the asseveration of the wisest and the best of the sonnes of men) you must grant that the wisest and happiest Prince that ever was, in all his glory, was not like one of them. And did not the omnipotent Architect of the Vniverse, place his Protoplast in a garden, as being the most convenient and pleasant habitation for Man, as yet unstained with disobedience, and abstaining from the forbidden fruit? And was not this Eden so holy and pure a place, that Adam could no longer be Tenant there then he kept his innocency? If I should expatiate in the commendation of these glorious creatures (I feare) I should be brought into a maze whence I could not easily extricate my selfe; therefore I will referre you that are desirous to be industrious in the indagation of their vertues and beauties, to those large volumes that are now extant, wherein their natures are amply and exactly described. Now as concerning your feast, quod multi infectis oculis

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conspiciunt. 'Tis true, Many sanctimonists, that like the men of China, thinke themselves wiser than all the world beside, doe inveigh against it (how iustly I know not) but as for my part, if I did thinke it might be any way preiudicial, either to politike, or morall society. I should detest it as deeply as the most zealous Heteroclite of them all. If it had any affinity with Bacchanalian riot, if Gluttony and Drunkennes ever found any entertainment there, I should utterly loath to name it: But since it is a meeting so civill, so unspotted, that Malice her selfe, had shee a brazen face, might blush to detract from it; since it is a feast celebrated by such a conflux of Gentlemen of birth and quality, in whose presence and commerce (I thinke) your Cities welfare partly consists: I cannot but commend it (though not so highly as it deserves) in spite of Ignorance or Envy.

But some there be that are so pure and sage,
That they doe utterly abhorre a Stage,
Because they would be still accounted holy,
And know, the Stage doth oft bewray their folly.
You could but wonder to see what distaste
They tooke, to see an Hypocrite uncas'd:
Oh had they power, they would the Author use
As ill as Bacchus Priests did Orpheus.

These, out of their malicious discretion (having no other way to satisfie their uniuersall envy) by meere misprisions, and under pretence that I should abuse a Corporation, would faine engage me in your Cities hatred, which although I account it one of the meanest disasters that can betide, yet I should thinke my selfe an unworthy man to doe any thing worthy of their hatred. But whereas they accuse me for taxing of some private persons, I am content to referre this controverisie to the arbitrement of any
that

that is ingenious. But this (as I tender my owne reputation, and
Truth her selfe) I must tell ye, that should I spye villany shelter
her selfe under a Scarlet Gowne, I durst be so bold as to spurne
her with the left foot of contempt, though not be so prodigall of
that small store the Muses have allotted me, as to spend a line
upon so despicable a subject.

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To the Booke and his worthy friend
the AVTHOR.

Disperse and vindicate thy Makers merits,
Late disesteem'd by Lynx ey'd censuring spirits;
Whose captivated iudgements now may see,
In this cleere glasse their owne deformitie;
Whose malice found no cause to disrespeect
Thy worth, but 'cause it past their intellectuall:
My barren Muse cannot to life set forth
Thy abstruse poesie, learning and worth:
Th'abilities which in thy bosome lye,
Will be admired of posterity:
Wer't thou but truely knowne, thy worth would raise
Thee and thy Muse: best Poets would with bayes
Crown thy rich temples, and manag're thy will,
Would place thee highest on Parnassus hill.
Blest be their names, thy Nectar Genins nourish:
By such, delected poesie shall flourish.
Let no Agnostus dare to read thy lines,
Th'are made for those can iudge of high designs.
In unknowne waters lest I wade too farre,
Let thy bright rising sunne eclipse my starre.

To his friend the Author

May none but Phabus kisse thy lines with sight,
Hee'l doe thee right.
Tis not for mortals once to dare to scanne,
Thy beight'bove man.
This speakes thy fellowship with supreme gods,
There's naught puts oddes,
But lifes eternitie : tush, thy lines shall be,
A saintlike canon of thy memory.

Be bold then to the world, and dumbe that tongue
That dares thee wrong :
Yet thus give leave to vulgar braines to clap
Agno iuscip
Vpon their heads, whose braines doe much lesse crave,
Then I deprave.
Scorne blast their dwellings, in simplicity
That spit their poyson ; none shall venome thee.

WILLIAM DENNYE.

To his friend the Author.

I cannot but admire this Worke of thine,
(Right worthy Author) that me thinkes each line
Should gaine attention from a well tun'd Eare,
And please the Eye of any shall appeare,
That apprehends it : alwayes Ile attend
To wish this Worke well, as a faithfull Friend.

JOHN MINGAY.



In Librum.

EN Metamorphosis dispar descendit in orbem
Illi, quam prisco descripsit tempore Naso:
Humanas vertit formas in florea Naso
Corpora: sed noster contrà floralia vestit
Corpora forma hominum, cantandus laude Poeta.
Pingis(Naso)tuam Metamorphôsin Latiali
Ample stilo: Nostrium hunc pellexit at Anglica penna.
Anglica penna vehat sublimis ad aethera pennis
Angelicis Anglum, qui tanta et talia finxit
Hanc Metamorphôsin noster beet Author, et omnes
Applaudant docti: veterem qua Naso beavit
Voce suam, canat et redimitus tempora lauro.
Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

M.S.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

RHODON.

ADANTHV s a friend to *Rhodon.*

MARTAGON.

CYNOSBATV s a friend to *Martag.*

ANTHOPHOTV s.

Shepherds.

IRIS sister to *Anthophotus.*

VIOLETTA sister to *Rhodon.*

EGLANTINE sister to *Cynosbatus.*

Shepherdesses.

PANAS a servant to *Iris.*

CLEMATIS a servant to *Eglantine.*

AGNOSTV s an Impostor.

PONERIA a Witch.

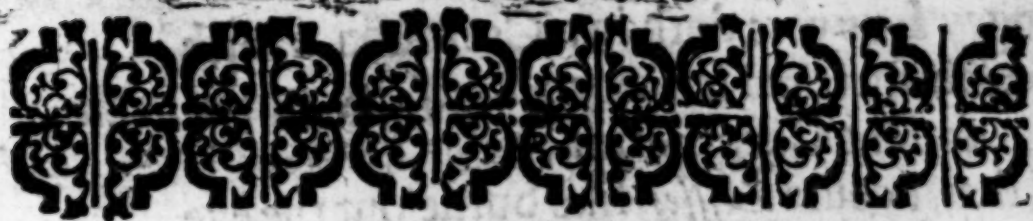
GLADIOLV s a Page to *Eglantine.*

FLORA.

The Scene is Thessaly.

Prologue.

Candid Spectators, you that are invited
To see the Lilly and the Rose united;
Consider that this Comedy of ours,
A Nohsegay is compos'd of sundry flowers.
Which we selected with some small expence
Of time, to please each one that hath a sence:
But if this glorious Cynicke crowne containes
A head that wants a competence of braines,
We could desire his absence, and be glad
That one more wise his seat or standing had.
Because experience shewes that such as he,
The greatest enemies to science be:
For what the Noddy cannot understand,
He will seeke to disparage underhand,
Branding eternall lines with blacke disgrace,
Because they doe his numbers smother surpasse.
For this bold Criticke would have the world know it,
That he no small foole is, though a small Poet.
But with Icarcan wings, why strives he thus,
To mount Parnassus tops with Pegasus?
When 'tis most meet that he with Asses meeke,
His pasture at the Mountaines feet should seeke,
On thistles wilde, and brakes there let him knabble,
While Pegasus does make the skies his stable.
But you (iudicious friends) that well discry
The strength and worth of noble Poesie;
That can discretely indge of what is done,
We crave your favour and attention,
And shall applaud the fortune of our Muse,
If ought worth your acceptance we produce.



R H O D O N AND FRIS.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Pomeria, Agnostus.

Ag. **W** S the worlds eye not yet asleepe?
Po. **S** Hath *Love* not yet put on his starry night-cap?
No; nor *Luna* her spangl'd smocke?

Ag. What, hath *Hesperus* forgot to light heavens tapers up?
Or be the Charret wheels of Night o're loaden
with the leaden waights of sleepe,
That she delays to throw her misty veyle
upon the face of things?

Po. Blind Ignorance that grop' st in Cymmerian darknesse,
That lye st envelop'd in the shads of everlasting night,
That want' st those glorious spectacles of Nature,
Those ChrySTALLINE spheres that should illumine
Thy Microcosmus,
Why dost thou thus maligne the guiltlesse light,
She being the fairest Creature that Nature ever made?

Ag. I hate her because she is light: I say she is
The Mistris of disquiet and unrest, and breeds
More troubles in the world then one of my young

B

Hungry

RHODON and IRIS.

44 Hungry Lawyers doth in a Common-wealth,
Or a schismatical selfeconceited Coxcombe in an
antient Corporation.

Oh that I could *Vlysses*-like burne out the eye
Of that Celestiall *Polypheme*;

Or raise dull *Chaos* from *Demogorgons* Cell
To quench the worlds unnecessary luminaries.

Po. Bold Ignorance, thou Idoll of these times
That o're a woollen wit, oft wear'st a sattin Cap;

And sometimes at our *Bacchanalian* feasts

Appear'st as brave as a Canonickall Saint

In a Kalender: I hug thy resolution, stupid divell,

That dost with generous malice amply supply

What is defective in thy intellect:

But if thou'lt give my faithfull Counsell leave

For to divert the torrent of thy wrath,

Then lend a facile eare to my advice:

Bend not thy bootlesse hate against that Orbe of light,

Whose mighty flames will scorch the impious wings

Of those Nocturnall birds, that shall attempt

With talons most prophane, to injure his bright beauty:

A meaner object than this, shall satisfie

Thy wrath, and my displeasure.

This is the day whereon the new society of

Florists, have determined to keepe their annual festivals:

Whose pompous Celebration hath wont to eclipse

All feasts besides: th' *Olympian* games,

And *Isthmian* playes, with all those Ludicrous

And Ludibrious Combats, are but meere Puppet playes

To this grand feast, for Art and nature both have try'd

To make this Feast surpass all feasts beside.

Ynite thy force with mine, then ten to one

We

RHODON and IRIS.

We shall disturbe their mirth, e're we have done.

Ag. Then mischief lend me all thy guilty nerves:

Let flames of boundlesse fury quite dispell

Lethæan dulnesse from my Clouded braine.

Affist our great designe, ye subterraneous powers,

That utterly abhorre to view the glaring light:

Let not the weakenesse of my Craz'd intellectuals,

Nor yet this loath'd deficiency of my sense,

Be prejudiciall to the bent of our designe:

Poneria, act thy part, for I am thine.

Exeunt.

ACT. I. SCEN. 2.

Rhodon, Acanthus.

Ag. (*Rhodon*) my honor'd, soule-united friend,
Cast off that dusky melancholy veyle.

Too vile a robe for thy majesticke brow,

Blast not the pride of *Hybla's* happinesse

With thy offensive passion.

Rho. Nay, good *Acanthus*, did love ere offend any?

Aca. And art not thou the map of loves calamity?

Witnesse those cristall bowles of thy bright eyne,

Which I have seene sweld up with brinish teares,

Prepar'd for sorrowes bitter beverage:

Witnesse those frequent tempests of thy sighes,

Which made thy brest a fiery sea of colour:

Witnesse those palled cheekes, whose glorious hue

Aurora late envy'd, and quite despairing

RHODON and IRIS.

To reach thy beauties height, with *Cupid* treated,
And him suborn'd to wound thy generous heart,
(Which no base passion ever durst assault)
That now like pale *Narcissus* on the brinke
Of the beguiling streame, thou lyest a dying.

Rho. I tell thee (brazen *Colosse*) marble statue,
Whose heart loves darts could never penetrate;
Love is the Prince of all affections,
And like the element of fire transcends
His brothers in activity and splendour.

Aca. It is a fire indeed, that doth consume
All vertuous actions; that feeds upon mens soules
Like the fiend *Eurynomus* upon dead carcases;
That makes the microcosmus a meere Chaos.
It is the *Remora* of all noble enterprises,
And the *Lerna* in fenne which breeds a *Hydra*,
Crested with a thousand inconueniences.
Let me nere inherit more then my Fathers hempland,
Or nere be owner of more wit then some elder brothers,
If I thinke not *Cupid* the most pernicious deity
Among all the Olympian Senators.
Oh that I had but *Stentors* lungs,
To thunder out the vanity of that idoll.

Rho. Now I hope you have rail'd your self out of breath;
And therefore I may now have time to speake:
Thus 'tis, deare friend *Acanthus*, I confesse
That once I lov'd the Lady *Eglantine*,
Whose rare endowments both of art and nature,
Well corresponding with high birth and fortune,
Did moderately attract my sincere love,
Which love conspiring with a strong desire,
To see the Customes of some forraine Nations,

And

RHODON and IRIS.

And know the manners of people farre remote,
Made me to greet the Princely Dame
With a personall visitation.

Then my indulgent starres did me advise,
For to suspend my suit : whose Counsell I obey'd.
But trust me, friend, thou wert too much mistaken,
To thinke that love had scorch'd or sing'd so much
The wings of reason ; that I must needs fall,
And perish in the fornace of despaire.

Thou art a bad construer of my thoughts,
If that thou think'st 'tis love which makes me sad :
Yea, thou, oft-times, dost take thy marks amisse,
To thinke me sad ; perhaps, when as my minde
(Uprais'd above the sphere of terrene things)
Is ravish'd with Celestiall Contemplation ;
For earthly passion hath no power at all
To worke upon an elevated soule.

Passions are starres to lower orbs confin'd ;
Scorching an earthly, not a heavenly mind.
Yet am I not so much a Stoicke, or a Stocke,
To plume the pinions of th'immortall soule,
Who while she's Cloyster'd in this Cell of Clay,
Moves with the wings of the affections :
But lest she, like to heedlesse *Icarus*,
Should soare too high a pitch ; or like young *Phaeton*,
Should shape her Course too low, *love* hath appointed
Wise Vertue for to regulate her flight.

Of these affections, love the Empresse is ;
Who, while she stands submisse to reasons lore,
Doth keepe the Fabricke of the little world in frame.
Love is the geniall goddesse, the *Lucina*
Which doth produce each honourable atchievement,

RHODON and IRIS.

Which this true axiome evidently proves,

Nobilitas sub amore iacet.

Had not the spritefull flames of love, egg'd on
That *Theban* Kilcrow mighty *Hercules*,
To brave adventures; he, perhaps, had dy'd
As much inglorious as did base *Thersites*.
Had not the faire *Andromache* beheld,
From *Troian* Towers, *Hectors* valiant acts
Among the *Greeks*, amid the *Phrygian* fields;
The gallant Dames of *Troy* then might, perchance,
Most justly have preferr'd *Achilles* farre before him.
Tis this heroicall passion that incends
The sparkes of honour in each noble minde;
Making dull sluggards study industry;
And animating each unlearned head
To toyle in Arts and liberall Sciences,
Even to the high degree of rare proficiencie.
Then cease *Acanthus* with thy lawlesse tongue,
True loves Condition to maligne or wrong.

Ac. Thou zealous patron of the winged Boy,
Well hast thou pleaded thy blind Archers Case;
Pray *Iove* thou maist deserve a lusty fee
For this *Herculean* labour of thy tongue.

Rho. Surcease these malapert invectives, friend,
Cupid is arm'd with fire and arrowes keene,
To be avenc'd on those that shall him spleene.

Ac. When *Sol* shall make the Easterne Seas his bed,
When Wolves and Sheepe shall be together fed;
When Starres shall fall, and planets cease to wander,
When *Iuno* proves a Bawd, and *Iupiter* a Pander;
When *Venus* shall turn Chast, and *Bacchus* become sober,
When fruit in April's ripe, that blossom'd in October;
When

RHODON and IRIS.

When Prodigals shall money lend on use,
And Vsurers prove lavish and profuse;
When Art shall be esteem'd, and golden pelfe laid down,
When Fame shall tel all truth, & Fortune cease to frown,
To *Cupids* yoke then I my necke will bow;
Till then, I will not feare loves fatall blow.

Rho. Wert thou a meere spirit, then I confesse,
And thinke, this resolution might endure;
But so long as thy soule weares robes of earth,
Lac'd all with veynes, that o're a Grimson deepe,
Set forth an *Azure* bright; needs must thy heart
Yeeld to the force of *Cupids* golden dart.

ACT. I. SCEN. 3.

Clematis, Eglantine.

Cle. **O**H impotent desires, allay the sad consort
Of a sublime Fortune, whose most ambitious
Disdaine to burne in simple Cottages, (flames
Loathing a hard unpolish'd bed;
But Coveting to shine beneath a Canopy
Of rich *Sydonian* purple; all imbroider'd
With purest gold, and orientall Pearles;
In tessellated pavements, and guilded roofes,
Supported by proud artificiall Columnes,
Of polish'd Ivory and Marble; doth love delight
There; doth he, like a mighty Tyrant, rage,
Subverting the whole edifice of reason
With his impetuous conflagration:
That this is true, the gentle Shepheardesse

Faire

RHODON and IRIS.

Faire *Eglantine* doth evidently shew :
For she, a sister to the great *Cynosbatus*,
Was Courted lately by the Shepheard *Rhodon* :
Whose suit she entertain'd with due respect,
Requiting love with love : but Fate (it seemes)
Not condescending that great *Hymen* should
Accomplish their desires ; forbade the Banes,
And *Rhodon* hath relinquished his suit ;
And is return'd to *Hybla* sweet ; whose flowry vales
Began to droope, and wither in his absence.
But *Eglantine* remaines disconsolate ;
Like to a Turtle that hath lost her mate.
See where she comes, expressing in her face
A perfect Map of mellancholy :
I will retire, because I well descry,
Shee's out of love with all society.

Enter Eglant. with her Lute.

Eg. Addresse thy selfe sweet warbling Instrument,
My sorrowes sad Companion ; to tune forth
Thy melancholly notes ; somewhat to flake
Those furious flames that scorch my tender heart.

She sings and playes upon the Lute.

Vpon the blacke Rocke of despaire
My youthfull ioyes are perish'd quite,
My hopes are vanish'd into ayre,
My day is turn'd to gloomy night :
For since my *Rhodon* deare is gone,
Hope, light, nor comfort, have I none.

A Cell, where grieve the Landlord is,
Shall be my palace of delight ;

Where

RHODON and IRIS.

Where I will wooe with votes and sighes,
Sweet death to end my sorrowes quite;
Since I have lost my Rhodon deare, Enter
Deaths fleshlesse armes why should I feare? Cle.

Cle. What time shal end thy sorrowes, sweetest *Eglantine*?

Egl. Such grieve as mine cannot be cur'd by time.
But when the gentle fates shall disembogue
My weary soule, and that Celestiall substance free
From irkesome manacles of clay; then may I finde,
If not a sweet repose in blest *Elysium*,
Yet some refrigeration in those shades,
Where *Dido* and *Hypsiphile* do wander. Exit Egl.

Cle. Thou gentle goddesse of the woods & mountaines,
That in the woods and mountaines art ador'd,
The Maiden patronesse of chaste desires,
Who art for chastity renowned most,
Tresgrand *Diana*, who hast power to cure
The rankling wounds of *Cupids* golden arrowes;
Thy precious balsome deigne thou to apply,
Vnto the heart of wofull *Eglantine*;
Then we thy gracious favour will requite
With a yong Kid, than new false snow more white. exit.

ACT. I. SCEN. 4

Cynosbatus, Martagon.

Cy. MY honor'd friend, most noble *Martagon*,
Who whilom didst with thy imperiall power
Command the mountaines proud, and humble plaines

RHODON and IRIS.

Of happy *Thessaly* : who hath eclips'd
 The splendour of thy light, and clipp'd those wings
 That did ore-shade these fields from East to West.
 Each Shepherd that was wont to feed his flocks
 Vpon these fertile meads, was wont whilere
 To pay the tribute of his primest lambs.
 But now as one coup'd in an angle up,
 Thou art compell'd to satisfie thy selfe,
 With a small portion of that soveraignty
 Which thou didst earst enioy.

Ma. Deare friend *Cynosbatus*, if that the world
 Had bin compos'd in a cubicke forme
 And not orbicular ; or if this globe
 Were destin'd to be ought else then fortunes ball,
 By alterations racket banded to and fro ;
 Then iustly might'st thou wonder to behold
 My present state, so short of my precedent height.
 Nor doth this monster, Change, beare fway alone,
 Ore elements, men, beasts, and plants,
 But those celestiall bodies that are fram'd
 Of purer constitutions, are compell'd
 To be obedient to her awfull doome.
 Reare up thy eyes unto the spangl'd cope,
 And there behold *Ioves* starre-enchased belt,
 The glittering Zodiacke wonderfully chang'd
 In a few thousand years:
 For those fixt stars, which like a Diamond cleare,
 Adorne the baudricke of the Thunderer,
 Have wander'd from their former stations.
 Witnesse the golden Ram who now is gone astray,
 And shoulder'd hath the Cretian Bull ; and he
 Those twins of *love* so sore hath butted,

That

RHODON and IRIS.

That they have crush'd the Crab, and thrust him quite
 Into the den of the Nemæan Lyon.
 Thus by the change of these superiour bodies,
 Strange alterations in the world are wrought,
 Great Empires maim'd, & Kingdoms brought to naught.
 And that auspicious lampe, who freely lends
 His light to lesser fires, the prince of generation,
 Even *Sol* him selfe, is five degrees declin'd,
 Since learned *Ptolome* did take his height.
 But if Egyptian wisards we may trust,
 Who in Astrologic wont to excell;
 By them tis told, that foure times they have seene
 That glorious Charrioter flit from his place:
 Twice hath he rose (they say) where now he sets,
 And twice declined where he now doth rise.
 If these Celestiall powers, whose influence
 Commands terrestriall substances,
 Be object to mutation, then needs must
 Sublunar things, submit themselues to change.
 Then wonder not good friend *Cynosbatus*,
 To see my state and power diminish'd thus.

Cy. Tis true deare *Maridgon*, experience shoves
 That alteration every day brings forth
 A new birth of effects.

Ma. But I prethe friend, satisfie me in one thing.

Cy. My bosome's yours, take from that Cabinet
 The choisest secret that can pleasure you:
 Tell me in what your will's to be resolu'd.

Ma. There is a rumour spread through *Thessaly*,
 That your faire sister, Madame *Eglantine*,
 Shall be espoused to the Shepheard *Rhodon*,
 The prince of all the Swaines that dwell on *Hybla*.

RHODON and IRIS.

Cy. From no ill grounds this rumor sprang, tho' *the*
The Fates did crosse what was by us intended.

Na. Then there's no expectation of my Nuptial rite.

Cy. No; all's dissolv'd.

Na. I thanke my Startes for that.

Cy. Your reason, Noble friend.

Ma. A kin he is to that male spirited Dame,
That stout Virago, that proud Shepleardesse
Call'd *Violetta*: who complains of wrongs
Late suffer'd at my hands:

And hee's the man by whom she hopes
To be aveng'd on me, for this pretended injury,
And had he matcht your sister, sweet *Aglatine*,
Then might I have had cause for to suspect
Your love not to be sound, since you accepted
So great a foe of mine, for your neere friend.

Cy. Then I am glad the Fates would not agree
That I should lose so true a friend as thee.

Exeunt.

ACT. I. SCEN. 3.

Rhodon. Anthophotus. Acanthus. Iris. Panace.

An. Never till now, did my *Hymettus* flourish:
More blest effects hath thy sweet presence wrought,
(Honour'd *Rhodon*) then could have beene produc'd
By moist-wing'd *Zephyrus*, or *Favonius*,
Who fanns our flowers with his gentle breath.

Rho. Thanks, good *Anthophotus*:

An. Nor doth our sister *Iris* hold her selfe

Meanely

RHODON and IRIS.

Meanely engag'd to you, for this your gracious visit,

Rho. To be the meanest servant of so sweet a saint,
Is the full height and scope of my ambition.

Ir. Faire S^r. I wish you would be pleas'd t'employ
Your service on an object of more worth.

Rho. Dissemble not, admired Shepheardeesse;
For thou art she, that art as farre beyond
That light peece of beauty, *Hellen of Greece*,
In outward perfections; as shee was short of thee in
inward graces.

Yea, had those fifty Kings that did for her
Engage themselves in a long tedious warre,
Seene but the Modell of thy rare beauty,
Drawne by the hand of but a rude painter,
Doubtlesse, they had their honours forfeited,
And broke that sacred oath which they had tane.
Their worke in hand they had relinquish'd quite,
And left the walls of wretched *Troy* untoucht;
For each attracted with thy beauties splendor,
No Seas nor perils would have left unpast,
To finde thee in the furthest angle of the world.

Ir. Could my perfections, valu'd at the highest rate,
But countervaille a dramme of your great worth,
Then should I thinke my selfe borne under starres
Most happy and auspicious.

An. Surcease your Complements, deare *Rhodon*,
Let empty Caskes, and hollow Cymbals speake
That ayrie language, which unworthy is
Of your realities.

Rho. Pardon me, gentle Sir: this radiant starre,
My judgements feeble eyes did dazle so,
That I was forc'd to speake what passion did informe me.

RHODON and IRIS.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Which is the Shepheard Rhodon?

Rho. I am the man.

Messen. Then you are he whom *Violetta* greets.

Rho. How fares my sister?

Messen. This letter shall relate what I can never utter.

Exit Messen.

Rho, Pray love we have good newes, me thinks I saw
A pallid horror setl'd in the face
Of the sad Messenger: be't good or ill,
We are resolu'd to see it, come what will.

He opens and reads the Letter.

I Violetta much distressed

By Martagon my mortall foe,

Your succour humbly doe request,

To set me free fr'm servile woe.

Our flowers he hath trampled on,

Our Gardens turn'd to thickets wilde;

Our fields and Meads he hath ore-run,

That we are forc'd to live exil'd.

We therefore doe your aide implore,

'Tis to our freedome to restore.

Your distressed sister,

Violetta, Violetta.

'Twas for no good, that the late flag hair'd Comet
With his erected staring lookes, did over-looke
Our frightened flocks, who all amaz'd poore wretches
At such a horrid unexpected sight,
Ere Hesperus gan from the west to peepe,

Halfe

RHODON and IRIS.

Halfe empty, did retire unto their folds againe:
Nor were those idle fires which late we saw,
Hang like a flaming canopie above us,
When we did walke the round about our folds,
To keepe the warwolfe from our Lambs by night.
But is't possible that man should be so savage,
To vent his rage upon a silly woman?

An. It is no wonder gentle sir at all:
For when *Prometheus* form'd his man of clay,
Tis said that he did to his stomacke adde,
The raging fury of a Lyon fierce.

Rho. Tis true: but histories report that a Lyon did,
The suppliant Getulian virgin spare;
Scorning to make so innocent a creature
His pray or quarry.

An. Foule shame and infamy it is, god wor,
That manly might should women weake oppose,
Whom they by right for life ought to defend.

Acen. (*Rhodon*) doe thou but say Amen: and I will in
An instant raise our spritefull youth,
And lead them on with such a vigorous force
Against the most unhumane *Martagon*;
That we will pull the Craven from his nest,
Disrobing him of all his borrowed plumes,
And repossessing *Violetta* of her owne.

Rho. In actions of such consequence as this,
We must not be too precipitious,
Mature deliberation must conclude
What shall be done in such a maine designe:
The stately Steed that with a full careere
Attempts to mount the brow of the steepe hill,
Oft breaks his winde, ere he can reach the height.

But

RHODON and IRIS.

But the flow snayle without or harme, or perill,
In time ascends unto the mountaines top,
For that true love we owe to *Thessaly*,
In which affection all we are ingag'd;
We by a friendly treaty will endeavour
To bring th' usurper to a restitution.
But if the Olive branch will doe no good,
Then let the scourge of warre it selfe disclose;
They that our friendship scorne, must be our foes.

An. And if my right hand faile to second thee,
Then for a Peasant let me counted be.

Exeunt Rho. Antho. Iris.

Banace offers to goe out, and is stayed by Acanthus.

Ac. Nay, stay faire Nymph, I would request
A private Conference with you.

Pa. If that I could with my affaires dispense,
I gladly should imbrace your Conference:
But my occasions bid mee hast away;
Sweet S^r, adieu; I can no longer stay. *Exit Pa.*

Ac. I that of late was made of *Scythian* snow,
And *Hyperborean* ice, am now quite thaw'd
In the uncessant flames of hot desire.
A new *Vesuvius* burnes within my brest,
But shall I overturne those noble trophies
Which I most firmly have on vertue founded;
Or shall I singe the wings of reason so,
In the outrageous flames of passion;
That I must needs fall downe and perish quite
In the blacke hideous gulf of deepe despaire,
No: no: I will not,
Of this I am resolv'd whatso' rebefall,
Or not to love too much, or not at all. *Exit.*

ACT

RHODON and IRIS.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

Poneria: Agnostus.

PO. **B**Old foolish wickednesse is that
Which walks by day, expos'd to the world's eie?
Sinne is the daughter of the darkest night,
And therefore doth abhorre to come to light.
Give me that cole blacke sinne that can lye hid.
Vnder the candid robes of seeing sanctity;
Which dares put out the perspicacious eyes
Of those that shall attempt to find her out.
Come dull *Agnostus*, let us disguise our selves
And be prepar'd to act some stratagem
To eclipse the glory of these festivals.

She puts on the garment.

This robe of vertue doth belong to me;
This goodly vaile shall hide my blacke intents.
Thus personated, I durst undertake
To rend a well woven state in factious peeces;
To win the cares of mighty Potentates;
And hood-winke Kings, that they should neither see
To doe what's iust, nor heare the pitteous cryes
Of those that are oppress.
But that thou, *Agnostus*, maist second my designs,
'Tis very fit thou shouldst be thus accouter'd.

Ag. My deare *Poneria*, I am yours.

Shee puts on his beard.

PO. Then first unto thy chin we must apply
This Philosophicall beesome.
Now is the old proverbe really perform'd,

D

More

RHODON and Iris.

More haire than wit.

How like a Senator he looks? . . . T O A

What a world of gravity's harbour'd in that beard?

Surely the world can take him for no other

Than the third *Cato* that should fall from heaven.

But here's the Ensigne of learning,

The badge of the seven Liberal Sciences,

Operculum ingenij, the silken Case of wit,

The Cap of knowledge; Clap this upon thy

Empty hog shead, put this on, and then thy head

Will become a *Helicon*, and thy braine a *Pyrene*.

He puts on the Cap.

Ag. It fits me exceeding well.

Po. Dost not perceive thy head begin toake
With meere abundance of knowledge? (vines,

Ag. Now, me thinks, I could confute a Colledge of Di-
A Synod of Doctors, a Lyceum of Philosophers;

Yet me thinks my braines are not right,

And somewhat too weake to maintaine a paradox.

Po. Away fond idiot, doe not conceit
That this Cap can infuse any thing reall into thy pate,
That is uncapable of all art and science.

Under the protection of this Cap, thou maist be bold
To traduce thy betters, to censure the best,

To decide controversies without discretion,

To torment all companies with thy discourse,

And weary eares of yron with thy impertinences;

Doe but weare this head-peece over the Coyse of
Selfe-conceit (alwayes provided) that thou forget' st

Not to leave off a brazen face; and I dare

Vndertake it, thou in a short time, shalt gaine

More respect (especially among *Plebeian Coxcombs*)

Then

RHODON and IRIS.

Then euer *Pythagoras*, had of his auditors.

Ag. I am thy slave, divine *Paneria* :
Oh admirable rare Artiff that I am !

Po. But yet, me thinkes, there's somewhat else to doe
To make thee more accomplish'd and compleat.
'Slight, the politicall gowne ; I had as cleane forgot it,
As the time since I lost my mayden head.
Here 'tis : dispatch. and put it on,
And then be reputed both grave, —
Learn'd, and wise.

Doubtlesse it will become thee exceeding well:

He puts on the Gowne.

Now lookes he not like a maine stud of a Corporation ?

Ag. How heavy is the burthen of authority ?

Po. 'Tis true, authority is heavy, I confesse,
But not so heavy but an Ass may beare't.
Since now, *Agnostus*, that we are well fitted
With habits meet, to act what we intend ;
Thou seeming like a grave and learned Sire ;
Though thou indeed then that bee'st nothing lesse,
And I like to a vertuous maiden dight,
Though I all vertue deeply doe abhorre ;
We thus disguis'd, will all the world delude,
And set the flowers at ods among themselves,
That they in civill enmities embroyl'd,
Shall of their pride and gloryes be dispoyl'd.

Exeunt.

D. 2

ACT

RHODON and IRIS.

ACT. 2, SCEN. 2.

Martagon, Cynosbatus.

Ma. **T**O hinder the conjunction of those starres,
We must try all our skill, *Cynosbatus.*

Cy. I jealous am of their malignant aspect,
And therefore hold it best to take away
That cause which may produce such bad effects;
For I shall never cease t'applaud his skill,
That in the shell, the Cockatrice doth kill.

Ma. The Serpent will be hatch'd, I shrewdly feare,
E're we the mischief can prevent, if thus
We should delay to act our purposes:
For late, a certaine rumor, through my eare,
Did strike me to the heart; when 'twas reported
That *Rhodon* on *Hymettus* hill was seene;
Where by *Anthophotus*, and his sister *Iris*,
He was with such solemnity receiu'd,
That all surmise there is a match intended
Betweene the Shepherd *Rhodon* and faire *Iris*.

Cy. If once they be conjoyn'd in *Hymens* rites,
Then all our toyle's ridiculous and vaine;
For *Hymens* obligations are (we see)
Seldome by any cancell'd, but by death.

Ma. Then let us set some Stratagem abroad,
The Cords of their new amity to breake.
The tender twig may easily be broke,
But who's so strong to bow the sturdy Oke.
Our friends will say (if we procrastinate)
That, like the *Troians*, we were wise too late.

Exeunt
ACT.

RHODON and IRIS.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

Eglantine sola.

Since that the gods will not my woe redresse,
Since men are altogether pittilesse,
Ye silent ghosts unto my plaints give eare;
Give eare (I say, ye ghosts) if ghosts can heare:
And listento my plaints that doe excell
The dol'rous tune of ravish'd Philomel:
Now let *Ixions* wheele stand still a while,
Let *Danaus* daughters now surcease their toyle:
Let *Sisyphus* rest on his restlesse stone,
Let not the Apples flye from *Plotas* sonne;
And let the full gorg'd Vultur cease to teare
The growing liver of the ravisher;
Let these behold my sorrowes, and confesse
Their paines doe farre come short of my distresse.
Were I but Lady of more wealthy store
Then e're the Sunne beheld; or had I more
Then *Midas* e're desir'd; I would (in brieft)
Give all to be deliver'd from this grieve.
Rocks of rich Indian pearle, shores pav'd with gemmes,
Mountaines of gold, and Empires Diadems,
These would I give, yea, and my selfe to boot,
My selfe and these prostrating at his foot,
To enioy him whom I so dearly love.
Aye me, fond love, that art a sweet sower evill,
A pleasant torture, a well-favour'd devill.
But why doe I, weake wretch, prolong my grieve?
Why doe I live, since death affords reliefe?

R H O D O N ~~and~~ I R I S.

Doe thou (sweet ponyard) all my sorrowes ease,
That art a medicine for all grievances.
Assist my hand, thou goddesse of revenge,
That on my selfe, I may my selfe avenge.

Enter Poneria and Agnostus.

Po. Hold, hold thy hand, faire Shepheardesse,
Attempt not to commit a fact so horrid.

Eg. What Fury sent you hither, Caitiffes vile,
Thus to prolong my sorrow, and my toyle.

Po. No Fury, but your happy Genius
Brought us to these uncomfortable shades,
For to prevent your mischievous intent.

Eg. Death is a plaister for all ills (they say)
What mischiefe then can be in death, I pray.

Po. 'Tis true; death is a mortall wound that cures all
Of body, and of mind: it is the soules potion (wounds
That purgeth her from corporall pollution,
But you must not your owne Physician prove,
Nor be the Doctor, and the Patient too:
For if thy soule be sickly, and grow weary
Of this unwholesome earthly habitation,
Because this ayres spissitude suits not
With her Celestiall Constitution,
She must not like a bankrupt Tenant prove,
That flies by night from an unprofitable Farme,
Before the terme of his Lease be expir'd:
But stay till heaven shall give her egress free
Vnto the haven of rest and happinesse.

Eg. Were I not plunged in a grievous plight,
Perhaps I would not think thy counsell light.

Po. Art not thou the sister of Cynasbatus,
Lord of the silver mines, and golden mountaines.

And

RHODON and IRIS.

And art not thou as faire a Shepheardesse
As trips upon the plaines of *Thessaly*?

Eg. For being great, I am malign'd by Fate,
For being faire, I am unfortunate.

Po. I know thy sorrowes, sweetest *Eglantine*;
Thy *Rhodon*s absence hath wrought all thy woe,
Who now, they say, doth beauteous *Iris* court.
But if thou wilt make me thy instrument,
I'll undertake to breake the match,
If not, renew the love which earst he bare to thee.

Eg. Doe this, and I will live (*Poneria*)
To give thy merit ample satisfaction.
I will adore thy skill, and thee adorne
With what may make thee famous through all *Thessaly*.

Po. Then banish all these melancholly thoughts,
And decke thy selfe in thy most sumptuous weeds.
Make hast unto the Fane of gentle *Venus*,
A payre of *Turtles* of a snowy hue,
Vpon her altars offer thou to her,
And her beseech to intercede for thee
Vnto her angry boy: Then shalt thou finde
The god and goddesse to true lovers kinde.

Eg. My deare *Poneria*, I am truly thine.
But tell me, I prethe, what grave *Sr.* is this
That looks like one of *Greece*s Sages;
His reverent Countenance makes me surmise
That he's a man of sublime qualities.

Po. He is but what he seemes, faire Shepheardesse:
His head's the officine of art; his tongue
The oracle of truth; he is the man
Whom onely Nature hath vouchsaf'd to make
Her privy Counsellour.

Those

RHODONIDES.

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But stay till heaven shall give her egress free
Vnto the haven of rest and happinesse.

Eg. Were I not plunged in a grievous plight,
Perhaps I would not thinke thy counsell light.

Po. Art not thou the sister of Cynobatus,
Lord of the silver mines, and golden mountaines.

And

RHODON and IRIS.

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As trips upon the plaines of *Thessaly*?

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That he's a man of sublime qualities.

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His head's the officine of art; his tongue
The oracle of truth; he is the man
Whom onely Nature hath vouchsaf'd to make
Her privy Counsellour.

Those

RHODON and IRIS!

Those abstruse secrets which no mortall eye
Did ever view, he plainly can discry;
He is the man that's destin'd to find out
That grand mysterious secret, in whose discovery
So many bold adventrous wits have perished:
I meane th'*Elixar*, the Philosophers precious stone.
He is the man who by strange policies
Can breake the strong Confederacies of Kings,
And overthrow more Empires by his plots,
Then mighty *Alexander* er'e did by strength:
Agnostus is his name, renown'd no lesse
For honesty, than skill in Sciences.

Eg. His silence argues something extraordinary.

Ag Belphegor, Zazel, Astragoth, Golguth,
Machon Malortor.

Egl. offers to flye away, and is stayed by *Po.*

Eg. Aye me, *Pomeria*.

Po. *Agnostus*, not a word more for thy life.
Stay, stay, sweet *Eglantine*, and dread no harme;
This is the language which the *Persian Magi* us'd
When they with their familiars did converse,
To which he is so frequently accustom'd,
That oft he speakes it e're he be aware.
(*Agnostus*) vouchsafe to use your native language,
That *Eglantine* may know what you are.
I hope you know your lesson, *Aside.*
Twice twenty times and ten, &c.

Ag. Twice twenty times and ten, hath *Titan* run
Quite through the Zodiacke, since I begun
To converse with wise fiends, that I might get
The golden key of Natures Cabinet.
By industry I got immortall fame,

For

RHODON and IRIS.

For ignorance begets contempt and shame :
So perfect in the Magicke Arts I grew,
That natures secrets most abstruse I knew ;
The spirits of ayre and earth did me dread,
And did at my venite come with speed ;
The silly ghosts from graves I did forth call.
The earth I make to bellow, starres to fall'.
The world at my great awfull charmes did quake,
Nature her selte for very feare did shake :
To change midday to midnight, or to cause
Estiuall snowes, or breake the vipers iawes,
Or to drive rivers backe to their spring heads,
And make seas stand unmov'd, or to strike dead
The vernall blossome, or the haruest care:
A man would thinke these strange conclusions were,
But I account them of small weight : I know
The use of hearbes, and whatsoever grow ;
The cause to the effect I can apply,
And worke strange things by hidden sympathies.
I doe exactly know the compositions
Of unctious Philters, and loves potions:
Figures, suspensions, and ligations,
Characters and suffumigations.
For I the vertues of all simples know
From whence ; effects that seeme impossible I show.
The gall of shreeke Owles, & harsh night Ravens tongus
Guts of Panthers, and Chamelions lungs,
A blacke Bulls eyes, a speckled roads dry'd head,
Frankincense, camphire, and white poppie-seed ;
Poysonous Melanthion, and a white Cocks bloud,
Sweet Myrrhe, Bay-berries, precious balsome wood,
A Harts marrow that hath devour'd a snake,

RHODON and IRIS.

And scalpes which from a wilde beasts jawes we take,
The bone that lyes ith' left side of a Frogge,
A stone that is bitten with a mad dogge.

The Mandrake root, the blood of a blacke Cat,
A Turtles liver, the braines of a Batt,
Hyænas heart, the Cockatrices bloud,
That are against so many evils good:

The haire of a thiefe that hangs on a tree;
The nailes of ships that wracked be,

The blood of a wretched man that was slaine,

The eyes of a Dragon and Weasels braines.

These precious simples, and a thousand more

I could produce; I have them all in store:

And though they seeme to men meere trifling things,

Each one (I vow) oreweighes ransomes of Kings.

The blinde of these times cannot discerne

The vertues rare that in these simples lye.

Po. Enough *Agnostus*: Now faire Shepherdesse,

I hope you have a faire expression

Of this learn'd mans subline desert, and art?

Eg. I doe admire his skill, and see (by happe)

Good stufte may be beneath a fatten Cap.

Exeunt.

ACT. 2: SCEN. 4.

Rhodon, Martagon, Violetta, Acanthus.

Rho. **K** Now *Martagon*, that as no dynasties can stand,
No Empires long subsist, unlesse they be
Supported by the Columnes of true equity:
So shall that government of thine decay,

Since

RHODON and IRIS.

Since thy oppression makes the weake a pray.

Mar. Tis no oppression for to punish those,
That have transgressed the Lawes, as I suppose.

Vio. The lawes (Colossus) proud, uniuert tyrant,
That dost observe nor equity nor law,
But by the torrent of ambition hurry'd,
Dost act what lawlesse passion prompts thee to:
What Lawes have I transgressed? it is thy might,
That into seeming wrong hath chang'd our right:
Had Fortune beene as just as was our cause,
We that are censur'd now for breach of Lawes,
Maugre thy viprous hate, had now bin free,
And for thy foule injustice censur'd thee.

Mar. And is your pride *Virago* still so high?
That it doth over-top your misery.
Cann't sorrow strike thee dumbe, can no disaster,
The liberty of thy tongue over-master.

Ac. Nay, be assur'd (proud man) not any smart,
Can cure the courage of a valiant heart:
No force a heart of adamant can breake;
And losers must, and shall have leave to speake:

Rho. No more *Acanthus*: heare me *Martagon*:
Wilt thou give *Violetta* what's her owne?
Wilt thou restore her right and due possessions?
And make a recompence for all oppressions,
That happy peace with joy and plenty crown'd,
May in the fields of *Thessaly* be found?

Mar. This will I doe,
When seas shall be drunke dry by *Phæbus* beames,
And when the lesser starres shall drinke the streames.
This will I doe,
When of my life and freedome I am weary.

RHODON and IRIS.

Non minor est virtus quam qua vere paria tueri.

Ac. Before this guiltlesse woman shall endure
Such shamefull injuries: thy selfe assure
Ile empty all these azure rivulets
Of their virmilion streames; and quite discharge
This contemn'd bulke of mine, of living ayre;
And stretch'd upon the gelid bed of death,
Ile to the world this Epitaph bequeath,
Here lyes a Swaine that spent his deereft blood,
To kill a Tyrant for a Virgins good.

Ma. Bold heroe doe thy worst, what I have won
I nere will part withall till life be done.

Rho. Tenacious Tyrant, in whose flinty heart
Nor equity, nor justice ere had part:
Assure thy selfe thy guilty soule shall feele
Revenge's hand, arm'd with a scourge of Steele. *exeunt.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. I.

Clematis Solo.

VWELL, if I were but once rid of her service,
If I ever seru'd love-sicke mistris againe,
I would feed all my life time on *Agnus Castus*,
And give all the world leave to let me dye a maid:
I even spoyld a good mother wit
With beating my head about these knick knacks,
Which my mistris, Madam *Eglantine*
Hath enioyn'd me to procure her,
For now seduc'd by the old bawd *Poneria*,
She thinks to recover her old sweet-heart *Rhodon*.

Here

RHODON and IRIS:

apparell

Here is a Catalogue as tedious as a Taylors bill,
Of all the devices which I am commanded to provide,

videlicet:

Chaines, coronets, pendans, bracelets and care-rings,
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroyderies, rings,
Shadowes, rebatos, ribbands, ruffles, cuffes and fals:
Scarfes, feathers, fans, masks, muffes, laces and cals;
Thin tiffanies, copweb-lawne and fardingals,
Sweet-bals, vayles, wimples, glassees, crisping-pins;
Pots, oyntments, combs, with poking-sticks & bodkins;
Coyfes, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets and haire-laces;
Silks, damasks, velvet, tinsels, cloth of gold,
And tissue, with colours of a hundreth fold.

Enter

Gladiolus

But in her tyres so new fangl'd is she,
That which doth with her humour now agree,
To morrow she dislikes, now doth she sweare,
That a loose body is the neatest weare;
But ere an houre be gone, she will protest
A strait gowne graces her proportion best:
Now calls she for a boistrous fardingall,
Then to her hips shele have her garments fall:
Now doth she praise a sleeve that's long and wide,
Yet by and by that fashion doth deride:
Sometimes sh'applauds a pavement-sweeping traine,
And presently dispraiseth it againe.
Now she commends a shallow band so small,
That it may seeme scarce any band at all;
But soone to a new fancy doth she reele,
And calls for one as big as a coach-wheele:
She'le weare a flowry coronet to day,
The symbol of her beauties sad decay;
To morrow she a waiving plume will try,

RHODON and IRIS.

The embleme of all female leuitie,
Now in her hat, then in her haire she's dreft,
For of all fashions she thinks change the best.

Gla. Good fellow seruant, honest *Clematis*,
Let me conclude thy tedious tale with this,
I say the restlesse sea and flitting winde,
Are constant in respect of women kinde.

Cle. Nor in her weeds alone is she so nice,
But rich perfumes she buyes at any price.
Storax and Spiknard she burnes in her Chamber,
And daubes her selfe with Civit, Muske and Amber.
With limbeckes, viols, pots, her Closet's fill'd,
Full of strange liquors by rare art distill'd:
She hath Vermilion and Antimony,
Cerusse and sublimated Mercury.
Waters she hath to make her face to shine;
Confections eke to clarifie her skin;
Lip salues, and cloathes of a pure scarlet dye
She hath, which to her cheekes she doth apply;
Oyntments wherewith she pargets ore her face,
And lustrifies her beauties dying grace.
She waters for the Morphewes doth compose,
And many other things, as strange as those;
Some made of Daffadils, some of lees,
Of scarwolfe some, and some of rinds of trees,
With Centory, lower Grapes, and Tarragon,
She maketh many a strange lotion:
Her skin she can both supple and refine,
With iuyce of Lemons and with Turpentine:
The marrow of the Hernshaw and the Deere,
She takes likewise to make her skin looke cleere;
Sweet waters she distils, which she composes

RHODON ~~and~~ IRIS.

Of flowers of Oranges, Woodbine or Roses?
The vertue of Iefmine and three-leav'd grasse,
She doth imprison in a brittle glasse,
With Civet, Muske, and odours farre more rare,
These liquors sweet incorporated are:
Lees she can make which turne a haire that's old
Or colour'd ill, into a hue of gold.
Of horses, beares, cats, camels, conies, snakes,
Whales, Herons, bittours, strange oyles she makes,
With which dame natures errors she corrects,
Vsing arts helpe to supply all defects..
She in the milke of Asses bathes her skin,
As did the beautifull *Poppa*, when
She tempted *Nero* to forsake the bed
Of great *Octavia*, and her selfe to wed.

Gla. If there be any Gentlewoman here,
That will with gracious acceptation use
The service of a tatling Chambermaid,
I would advise her to make choice of this *Frisketta*,
That is as chaste as *Helen*, or *Corinthian Laïs*,
As chary of bewraying secrets as was *Echo*:
Oh she would prove a rare Privie Councellour
In some great Ladies privie Chamber.
The perpetuall motion for which Artists have so labor'd
Is discover'd no where so plainly as in her tongue,
Which scarce finds any leisure to rest,
No not when she is asleepe:
But of her curtesie she is so charitable,
And so heroically magnificent,
That she will both vouchsafe to commiserate
The lowe estate of an humble groome of the stable,
And also satisfie the desire

RHODON and IRIS.

Of a high and mighty Gentleman-usher
In a kisse or any other amorous encounter:
Gentlemen belecue me in few, she is a pearle,
Whose worth the age cannot value.
If there be any Gentleman here
That will bestow a small pension upon her,
With a kisse or two once a fortnight,
To make her his intelligencer of state
In his wives common-wealth;
I will undertake he shall be able to make good
A faction against his wife,
Had she an Amazons stomacke, a Zenobia's,
Or a Xanthippes tongue.

Cl. Out you prating Parachito,
Come you hither to abuse me. *She strikes him.*
Take this for your paines.

Gla. Now thank thy stars, that with a female signature
Did stampe thy sexe, audacious strumpet,
Shall I draw? no, now I thinke not I will not,
For reason and experience shewes, that no man
Ere gain'd repute by drawing gainst a woman.

Cl. Stripling, dost thinke I feare a naked blade;
He meete thee where thou dar'st, and whip thee too
For thy unruly tongue, thy sawcinesse.

Gla. Well minion, remember this,
If I doe not cry you quit for this abuse,
Then let me nere be trusted:
Your Mistris shall know how you have us'd me,
So she shall.

Cl. Skippiake tell what you can, I weigh't not this,
He make you know that you have done amisse. *exunt.*

RHODON and IRIS.

ACT. 3: SCEN. 2.

Pomeria, Eglantine.

Po. Forget you not the powder for your breath,
Eg. I tooke a dram of it this morning,
According to your appointment.

Po. Your pallid cheeke requires, in mine opinion,
A deeper tincture of vermillion.

Eg. And I am of the same minde :
But 'twas my Maids fault.
I thinke she goes about utterly to undoe me :
She is as good a servant as ere was
Married to the whipping post.

Po. I tell you true I would not for twenty crownes
That *Rhodon* had seene you with this face.
That Ceruse on your brow is extreamely dull,
There is no lustre, no resplendency in it.
S'light I have seene often times a stain'd cloath
Over a smoakie chimney in an Alehouse
Present me with a better face.

Eg. Nay, I could not for my heart perswade
The wicked pertinacious harlot,
To lay more colour on then pleased her fancy ;
Bat if I live I will cashiere the queane.

Po. If you doe not, you are no friend to your selfe.

Eg. How lik'st thou the colour of my haire.

Po. Oh that is exceedingly well dyde.

Eg. Me thinks the hue is not high enough.

Po. Nay, pardon me Madam : tis passing well.
The browne hue is the most incomparable colour

RHODON and IRIS.

For a haire of all other.

Those golden wires that on faire Hero's sholders danc

And those faire flaxen threds that made Ioue (gl

Dote upon faire *Nonacrine*,

May not be compar'd with the lovely browne.

Eg. Discreet *Poneria*, thy wise approbation

Doth give my fancy ample satisfaction.

But heare me *Poneria*, will you undertake

That I shall meet with the Shepheard *Rhodon*,

As you oft have promis'd me.

Po. Faire shepherdesse I will.

Eg. But 'tis a thing impossible I feare.

Po. Why so good *Eglantine*?

Eg. Because I heare he deeply is engag'd

To *Iris*, that proud Damsell of *Hymettus*.

Po. I grant he is : and since things are thus,

I will so act my part, that his new love

Shall be the meanes to renue that good will.

That hath bin heretofore twixt him and you.

Eg. Nor *Circes* drugs, nor all *Ulysses* wits,

I tell thee Beldame, can accomplish this.

Po. Good daughter undervalue not my skill,

For 'tis contriv'd how it shall be effected,

And to satisfie thy curiosity,

I will declare how I have laid the plot.

Eg. I prethe bleffe my cares with this relation.

Po. I will a message beare in *Iris* name,

Vnto the Shepheard *Rhodon*, which shall shew,

That she desires an am'rous interview

With him, in such a privacy

That day must not be guilty of it :

A solitary glade shall be the place,

Where

RHODON and IRIS.

Where you protected by the veile of conscious night,
Instead of *Iris* shall present your selfe
Vnto the Shepheard *Rhodon*,
Whom you shall entertaine with sweet discourse,
And so comport your selfe, that he shall thinke,
You are his dearest *Iris*.

But to assure him yours, I have provided
A precious Philter of rare efficacy,
Compos'd according to the rudiments of art:
This shall you cause him to carouse
As water of inestimable worth.
Which done, he is your owne;
And *Iris* then shall be forgotten cleane,
As one whom he had nere scarce knowne or seene.

Eg. Tis bravely plotted sweet *Poneria*:
But what houre wilt thou allot for this designe.

Po. Provide your selfe to meet him in the mirtle grove
Vpon eleven at night.

Eg. Very good.

Po. Now Ile to *Rhodon* goe, and him invite,
To meet you at the appointed place this night.

Eg. Now most auspicious be thy stars and mine,
Let all good lucke attend our great designe. *exennt.*

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

Martagon, Cynosbatas.

Cy. **B**Ut is the angry swaine (saist thou) so hot,
Is *Rhodon* growne so zealous in his sisters cause?

Ma. If that his actions with his words agree,

RHODON and IRIS.

I must expect a sodaine storme.

Cy. I am resolu'd to take part in thy fortunes,
Be they the worst that ere to any fell. (hand

Ma. Thanks noble friend, then here lets ioyne our
In signe of most unseparable bands.

Cy. But there's *Acanthus* a iolly fwaine,
He frets (they say) like a furious Mirmidon.

Ma. In braving language he exceeded so,
That *Martagon* nere saw so bold a foe,
Surcharg'd with swelling passion, he did vowe
To take a full revenge on me and you.

Cy. And is the youth so fill'd with valrous heate?
Who would have thought the frozen mountaines could
Have bred so brave a hot-spurre.

Ma. These raging Lyons must, *Cynosbatus*,
Be undermin'd by some egregious sleight;
We must pitch some strong toile for these fierce Beasts,
Where we may take them captive at our pleasure:
For if we should assaile them openly,
Much perill then we might incurre thereby.

Cy. What thy high iudgement shall conclude to doe,
I am resolv'd to condiscend unto.

Ma. Then heare what I propound. *Cynosbatus*,
Within a place nigh hand, resides
A Beldam much renown'd for sacred skill
In magicke mysteries.

She with her awfull Charmes wons to call forth
All sorts of noysome Creatures that are bred
In Sandy *Lybia*, or cold *Scythia*,
From whom she takes her choyce of poyson strong.

The Herbs which grow on precipitious *Erix*,
She with her bloody Sicke crops:

And

RHODON and IRIS.

And whatsoever poysonous weed springs on
The craggy top of snowy *Caucasus*,
That's sprinkled with the bloud of wise *Prometheus*,
She carefully selects;

Those venomes which the warlike *Medians*, and
The nimble *Parthians*, or *Arabians* rich,
Use to annoynt their deadly shafts withall.

She doth by Moone-light gather;
Each Herbe that in this fertile vernall season
Puts forth its head from *Opse*s pregnant bosome

She searches for; whether the same be bred

In the cold Forrest of *Hercynea*,

Or in the deserts of parch'd *Africa*,

What flower soe're doth in his seed or root

Strange causes of great mischiefe nourish,

She never faileth to finde out:

Whether the same on bankes of *Tigris* growes,

Or on the sun-burnt brinke of warme *Hydaspes*,

Whose golden channels pau'd with precious stones;

Some of these herbes she doth by twilight gather,

At midnight some, and some at breake of day.

Nor is she ignorant how to apply

The panting heart of the dull melancholy Owle,

Or the breathing entrailes cut from a living Cat.

The proudest Swaine that lives in *Theffaly*

Is glad to be obsequious to her will;

For in her power it is to cure or kill.

Vnto this reverent Sybill let us goe,

And her advice request in this designe;

By her instructions let us our actions regulate,

Providing for our owne security:

She can divine of all events, and tell

Whether

RHODON and IRIS.

Whether things shall succeed or ill or well.

Cy. What thy sound judgement thinks fit to be done,
I condescend to, noble *Marragon*.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 4.

Rhodon, Anthophotus, Acanthus.

Rho. Since that the proud usurper *Marragon*
Will not restore what he hath rane away
By force and injury from *Violetta*,
We are resolu'd to put on lawfull armes,
To swage the pride of that great *Termagant*,
That of his prowesse doth so vainly vaunt.
Therefore deere friends addressse your selves to shew
Your true and faithfull fortitudes, for know
An ignominious peace may not compare,
With any iust and honourable warre.

Ac. Out upon this Fabian valour,
These tedious cunctations: I tell thee *Rhodon*,
I must needs chide thee for our losse of time,
My troopes are all in perfect readinesse,
And long to meet their foes in open field;
If we deliberate a day longer
The edge of their valour (I feare) will be quite taken off.

Rho. Now fie upon that valour which depends
On circumstance of time or place,
Tis relative vertue, that like glasse is brittle,
Whose force soone dyes and perfects very little.

Ac. Now recollect thy spirits *Rhodon*,
Let Spartan resolution spread it selfe

Into

RHODON and IRIS.

Into each angle of thy noble heart.
For now our hostile forces are assembled,
Covering the fields from *Ossa* to *Olympus*.
Their painted banners with the windes are playing:
Their pamp'rd courfers thunder on the plaines:
The splendor of their glistring armes repels
The bashfull sun-beames backe unto the clouds.
Their bellowing drums and trumpets shrill,
Doe many sad corantos sound,
Which danger grim and sprawling death must dance.
Now therefore *Rhodon*, doe reflect thy eye
Upon the glories of thy ancestours,
And strive by emulation to transcend
Those trophies which were yet nere paralleld.
An. Surecase this needlesse talke, let us to action,
The losse of time consisteth in protraction.
Rho. You r noble courages, endeared friends,
A good event to our designs portends. *exunt.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 5.

Martagon, Cynosbatus.

Ma. **V** Within the precincts of this grove *Ponerla*
Here nightly she hath coventicles (dwels,
With her wise spirits; see how the trees are carv'd
With Magicall mysterious characters,
See how the fiery fiends with their frequent resort have
Scorch'd the leaves, and chang'd the
Merry livery of the spring into a mournfull hue,
Behold the grasse dyde with the swarthy gore

RHODON ~~and~~ IRIS!

Of some great sacrifice, that late was offer'd up
To the infernall powers.

Cy. The blacke aspect of this strange uncouth place
Doth make my heart to quake.

Ma. Within a vault hewne from the stony bowels,
Of yon high precipitious rocke she dwels.
Cheere up (*Cynosbatus*) and come away,
Let's to her Cell, and Ile shew thee the way.

ACT. 4: SCEN. I.

Iris, Panace, Violetta.

Ir. **C**urst was the wight that did in murther first
Embrue his guilty hands : curst was that hand
Which first was taught by damned hellish art
To forge the killing blade in Vulcans flames;
What raging fury raignes in mortall breasts,
That man should man pursue with deadly hate ;
Oh what maglignant power hath defac'd,
That specious image of the gods above ?
Who hath inspir'd man with that bestiall quality
Of murderous revenge ?
The Lybian Lyons seldome are at oddes,
The Tygers of Hyrcania doe agree,
But man to man's become a very divell :
That Thracian god which is delighted most
With humane sacrifices, is now ador'd ;
Blood-thirsty *Mars* now beares the onely sway,
Who direfull devastations doth affect,
Peace hath forsooke the earth, and fell debate

Shaking

RHODON and IRIS.

Shaking his batter'd armes, now stalketh every where.
I hop'd for nuptials sweet, of late, but now
I may have cause to feare a funerall.

Hymen affrighted with the confus'd noyse
Of brutish warre, is fled I know not whither.
My dearest *Rhodon* must depart from me,
And in the field ingage his tender Corps
To all extremities of death, of wounds, of danger,
Of sicknesse and unrest:

Vi. Strike not the ayre with this vaine language, *Iris*,
Wound not thy soule with these unseemely plaints,
But be content to wait the will of *love*,
Who will crowne our designs with blest successe.
For in a cause that's honest, iust, and right,
The gods themselves will take up armes and fight.

Ir. Then oh ye powers, that are the grand protectors
Of *Hybla's* happinesse and welfare; (taines;
Whether ye doe delight in our flower-crown'd moun,
Our od'rous vales, or in our Christall fountains,
Your gracious favour I implore, beseeching you
To gard the person of my dearest *Rhodon*;
Fond woman, how forgetfull have I bin?
Here is a gemme whose price doth farre transcend
All estimation: my faithfull *Panace*
Deliver't thou unto my gentle Shepheard,
And pray him weare it for my sake.

Pa. Madam, I will.

Ir. It from the bowels of a Cocke was tane,
And whoso weares the same (as wise men say)
Shall ever be victorious in warre.

Vio. Commend me to my brother, gentle nymph,
And beare this token of my love to him:

RHODON and IRIS.

It is the precious herbe call'd Latice,
Which whosoever weares shall never want
Sufficient sustenance both for himselfe and his;
Besides, it frustrates quite the divellish force
Of strongest poy sons or enchantments. *exit Pan.*
Now *Iris*, let us haste to Floras fane,
With our devotions let's importune her,
These horrid sturs and troublous broiles to cease,
That we againe may live in happy peace. *exennt.*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Martagon, Cynosbatus, Poneria.

Ma. **D**ivineſt Matron; god-inspired Sybill
Doe this, and be what thou canſt deſire.

Po. Doubt not great *Martagon* but I will effect it.

Ma. Now deere *Cynosbatus* let us prepare
To reſiſt th'impreſſion of our foes:

Since that our powerfull forces ready ſtand,
To be obedient to our great command.

Cy. With thee I am reſolu'd to ſpend my breath,
Indifferent in the choice of life or death. *exennt Ma. Cy.*

Po. *Agnostus* come forth: blacke cloud of ignorance,
Advance thy leaden pate, dull Camell.

Ag. I cannot brooke this thin and piercing ayre.

Po. Thou ſonne of ſleepe; that haſt the lightſome day,
Clap on thy ſpectacles of judgement, and behold
How I have plaid my part.

Thou flow'ſt with gall (*Agnostus*) I confeſſe,
But thou haſt a braine intolerably dry,

As

RHODON and IRIS.

As empty of wit, as the world is of conscience.

Ag. What hast pluck'd up the flowers by the roots,
Or is all *Theffaly* in a combustion?

Po. Surcharg'd with deepe despite and viprous hate,
Their forces they against each other bend. (bated.)

Ag. Then I hope their painted pride shal quickly be a-

Po. But I have a plot, old plumbeous dotard,
To crop the proudest flower that growes
In *Hybla* or *Hymettus*.

Ag. Poneria, I adore thy art and wisedome.

Po. This glasse containes a rare confection:
Tis vipers bloud mix'd with the juyce of *Aconite*:
This is the *Philter*, the sweet love-potion
Which *Eglantine* poore love-sick foole,
Must commend to the Shepheard *Rhodon*,
Who this night by my appointment,
Is to meet her in the mirtle grove, under the
Name of *Iris*: now Ile to *Eglantine*,
And blesse her longing eares with these glad tidings.

Ag. Oh great profound *Poneria*: never yet
Was any that could parallell thy wit. *exeunt!*

ACT. 4. SCEN. 3.

Rhodon, Acanthus.

Rho. **V**What houre of night is't friend *Acanthus*?

Ac. Th'eleventh at least: for see *Orion* hath
Advanced very high his starry locks in our horizon.

Rho Me thinks the stars looke very ruddy,
As if they did portend tempestuous weather.

RHODON and IRIS.

Ac. They doe but blush to see what crimes are acted
By mortall under covert of the night.

Rho. Saw'st thou yon star that Northward fell.

Ac. I saw the blazing meteor stoupe,
And bend his course toward the humble Center.

Rho. This seem'd a glorious, and resplendent star,
Yet was it but a grosse ill temperd meteor.
This meteor seem'd as if it had bin fix'd
In an orbe for a perpetuity;

Yet in a moment is it fallen, thou seest,
And who regards this foolish and ignoble fire,
Or looks upon the place from whence it fell.

Ac. He that by honourable meanes is rais'd,
And hath his seat establisht on the square
Of never sliding vettue, cannot fall.

Rho. But if young *Phaeton* shall undertake
To guide the Charret of the great *Apollo*,
And in that action shall miscarry, so
That the whole universe shall be ingag'd
To utter ruine and destruction,
Then ought great *Iove* to have a speciall care
For to preserve and keepe the common good.
And if he shall dismount the Chariotter,
And with a deadly blow lay him along,
The world then for his iustice shall thanke *Iove*,
And *Phaetons* foolc-hardinesse reprove.

Ac. Who dares contest with *Iove*, or question what
His Sovereaigne highnesse shall doe or determine.

Enter Egl. Poneria.

Rh. Tis altogether wicked & uniuert : (*Acanthus*) retire.
For now me thinkes I see a glimpse of *Iris*,
Who promised to meet me here this night.

Exit Ac.

Loc

RHODON and IRIS.

Loe how the lustre of her beauty penetrates
The envious clouds of these nocturnall shades.

Pa. See yonder the beguiled lover walkes
In vaine, expecting the comming of his deare *Iris*;
Now, *Eglantine* remember my instructions,
Have a care that your tongue betray you not.
Be not too talkative in any case.

Forget not the posture I so oft told you of,
Vnder pretence that these cold nightly dewes are
Offensive, you may knit your veile more close,
And conceale your feature.

Eg. *Poneria*, retire: I will addresse my selfe unto him.

Po. But be sure you perswade him to take the
Potion before he sleepest; (taines.
You'll remember those vertues which I told you it con-
Forget not to declare them amply.

Eg. Make no doubt on't: thou hast arm'd me
For all assaies. *Exit Po.*

Rho. Thou brightest star that shin'st this night,
Auspicious be thy influence to thy *Rhodon*.
My dearest *Iris*, I am surcharg'd with ioy
To meet thee here.

Eg. (Deare *Rhodon*) who, like the vernall Sunne,
Dost lend refreshing heats to my affections.
Tak't not amisse, that I have chose this houre
And unfrequented place t'enioy thy company.

Pbo. Sweet *Iris* know that I esteeme this houre of night,
Since I enioy thy sweet society,
'Bove all the dayes that I e're herto beheld.

Eg. But from a maidens modesty (faire Sir)
It may seeme much to derogate,
To be abroad so late at night.

RHODON and IRIS.

Rho. Since no immodest act is here intended,
The time cannot be preiudiciall
To thy unstained modesty.

Eg. Great pittie tis indeed, Sir, that true love
Should be disparag'd, because 'tis so true.

Rho. I tell thee, I till now was never happy:
All those delights which I ere saw before,
Were but meere transitory dreames,
Compar'd with that felicity which now I finde.

Eg. The sodaine newes of this late kindled warre,
Wherein I heare (to my great grieve) you are ingag'd,
Made me transgresse the bounds of modesty so farre,
That I desir'd once more to see your face,
Ere your departure to the field of danger.

Rho. Since my good fortune and thy constant love
Have ioy'd me once againe with thy sweet presence,
I blesse my lot, and to the field will hasten,
As ready to out-face danger, as scorne death;
And if I there finde fortunate successe,
Of all my good Ile count thee patronesse.

Eg. And here on you I doe bestow this viall,
Which such a precious dosis doth containe,
That it doth farre exceed the height of value.
It is a potion made by wondrous art,
Nectar is no more comparable to it,
Then Bonniclabar is to Husquobath;
And Aurum potable is as far short of it,
As poore Metheglin is of rich Canary:
All the confections even from the lowest degree
Of Sage-ale, to the height of Aqua-Celestis,
Are no more like it then the beere of the Low-countrie
Is to the High-country wine:

RHODON and IRIS.

A dram of it taken before you goe to bed
Cheeres the heart, prevents the Incubus
And all frightfull dreames; cheeres the blood,
Comforts the stomacke, dispels all collickes,
Cures all aches, repayres the liver, helps
The lungs, rectifies the braine, quencheth
All the senses, strengthens the memory, refresheth
The spirits.

Taken fasting it breaks the stone in bladder
Or kidnyes, cures the gout, expels a quartane ague:
Outwardly apply'd it kils the gangrene,
And destroyes the wolfe, heales all sorts of wounds,
Bruises, boyles, and sores.

And not to use more multiplicity of words,
I tell you gentle *Rhodon* you shall finde,
It cures all griefes of body and of minde.

Rho. (Faيرة one) verball expression cannot shew
What I to thee for this great gift doe owe:
But till for all I full requitall make,
My constant love thou for a pledge shalt take.

Eg. But (gentle Sir) although your constitution
So well attemper'd seemes, that no disease
Can either hurt or over-throw your health,
Yet if my counsell might prevaile with you,
I should perswade you to make tryall of this
Rare water this night before you sleepe.

Rho. Since thou vouchsaf'st to be my kinde Physician,
For this time I will act a patients part,
And ere that sleepe shall with his leaden keyes
Locke up the portals of my drowfie eyes,
Ile taste of this most precious liquor:
But lest the gealed moisture of the night

Should

RHODON and IRIS.

Should preiudice thy health, (*sweet Iris*)
Let me conduct thee homeward.

Eg. Since these nocturnall distillations
May be offensive to your health (*sweet Rhodon*)
I will be well contented to be gone,
Though wondrous loth from you to part so soone.

Rho. But in my absence be assur'd of this,
That *Rhodons* heart in thy possession is. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 4: SCEN. 4.

Panacc Sola.

VPon this shady banke with laurels crown'd,
The gentle Shepheard *Rhodon* dwels :
His Cottage seated is upon a Cristall River,
The sweetest streame that e're in valley crept.
Two pretious presents I to him must beare :
The one from his true love, the beaut'ous *Iris*,
And that's a gemme of admirable vertue ;
The bounty of the *Easterne* mines could ne're bestow
A Jewell of such worth as this,
Which from the entrailles of a Cocke was ripp'd ;
For whosoever shall possesse the same,
Shall be invincible in fight.
But his deare Sister, lovely *Violetta*,
Commends to him this admirable plant,
The noblest herbe that e're in garden grew.
For, setting many pretious properties aside,
It is the best and strongest antidote
That Art or Nature ever made.

No

RHODON and IRIS.

No deadly poyson can withstand its power,
But is expulst by it with great facility.

These noble gifts beſeeming well
Both the receivers and the givers qualities,
I will deliver to the honour'd Swaine.

exit.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 5.

Martagon, Cynosbatus, Poneria,

M^a. **S**Age Dame, how fares thy grand deſigne?
Doſt thinke thy plot will take?

Po. Nay, if you doubt it, I wiſh it nere might take.
Have I made hell a partie in the action,
And laid ſuch ſnares, that more then humane force
Cannot withſtand my well knit ſtratagem;
Yet will you ſtill torment me with theſe doubts?

M^a. Nay gentle mother, be not ſo impatient.

Po. You tempt my patience, while you thus miſtruſt
My ſkill and my ability.

Cy. We doe adore thy matchleſſe ſkill and wiſdome,
Thou grace and wonder of thy ſexe.

Po. Me thinkes I ſee the merry Poſt at hand,
That brings us joyfull newes of *Rhodons* death:
And not behinde him much me thinkes I ſee
Another Poſt, who comes with better newes,
That *Rhodons* army is discourag'd and diſcarded,
Yea quite diſbanded and diſperſt.

M^a. Oh happy newes (divine *Poneria*)

Po. Yet ye account me a meere ſilly Dame,
Yea as ſilly as ſome ſimple ſimpering Citizen.

H

That

RHODON and IRIS.

That hath but manners enough to take
The upper end of a Table at a feast,
And to carve a Capons legge to a Coxcombe.

Ma. The *en Sybils* were no more comparable to thee,
Than an old Gentlewoman is to a yong Chambermaid.
Sweet *Poneria*, I am even in love with thee:
Yea, I durst almost sweare I should kisse thee,
If thou had'st but three rotten teeth in thy head.

Po. Well, my Masters, I hope you'll thanke me
When you heare that I have made proud *Rhodon*
A Legier Embassadour in *Don Pluto's* Court.

Ma. Thy thanks, *Poneria*, shall be duly paid
In eyebewitching talents;
Wee'll rip the matrice of our grandam earth
To see the place where riches are conceiv'd;
And from her pregnant wombe we'll draw
A golden age for thee to live in (*Deare Poneria*)

Po. Who would leave any villany undone,
To be thy slave, most noble *Martagon*.

Exit
Pone.

Cy. Now *Martagon* let us goe put on armes,
And toward *Hybla* march in strong aray.
Let us deface the glory of their flowers,
If *Rhodon* be but dead, the day is ours.

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

Acanthus. Anthophorus.

An. **T**Hou speak'st of things beyond beleefe, *Acanthus*,
Ac. Too true it is, I shrewdly feare,
For every circumstance makes it appeare

That

RHODON and IRIS.

That *Rhodon* in the mirtle grove, last night,
Had private conference with *Iris*,
From whom (it seemes) he tooke the venom'd potion,
For now he doth, in his extremest fits,
Exclaime on the untruth of woman kind,
Bewailing the unlucky houre that did present
Your sister *Iris* to his sight.

Enter Pan.

Pa. *Anthephotus* and *Acanthus*, y'are well met.

Ac. Nay, never worse, thou wouldst say, gentle *Panace*,
If thou knew'st all.

Pa. What dire disastre hath befallne you, honor'd friends?
How fares the noble Shepheard *Rhodon*?

Ac. *Rhodon's* mishap's the cause of all our sorrow:
Rhodon's betray'd, poyson'd, and lies at point of death.

Pa. Curs'd be the hand that did attempt
A villany so impious and foule.
But if you love your selves, and *Rhodons* health,
Conduct me to him immediately:
I have an antidote that shall cure him,
If any breath be left within his bulke.

An. Oh happy comfort! come sweet *Panace*,
To our sicke friend, we'll thy Conductors be. *exeunt.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 2.

Martagon, Cynosbatus.

Cy. A happy morne be this to thee (friend *Martagon*,)
Ma. Nay, 'tis the happiest morn that e'r we two be-
Rhodon is dead; (held,
And is by this time, serv'd up in a wooden dish,

RHODON and IRIS.

To feast the wormes upon an earthen table;
The purple bosom'd rose whole glorious pride
Disdain'd the beauties of all other flowers, is cropt,
Yea the ambitious bramble is quite wither'd,
And now is laid in the contemned dust:

Ponerias wit hath done this noble act.

Cy. This is good newes, I must confesse, yet could I wish
That noble *Rhodon* had not so ignobly dy'd.

Ma Thou art too ceremonious for a politician,
And too superstitious: our duties 'tis to iudge
Of the effect as it concerns the state of our affaires,
And not to looke backe on the meanes by which 'twas
He is unfit to rule a Civill state (wrought.

That knowes not how in some respects to favour
Murder, or treason, or any other sinne,
Which that subtrill animall, call'd man,
Doth openly protest against, for this end,
That he may more freely act it in private,
As his occasions shall invite him to't.

But 'tis no disputing now; the deed is done,
We are in a faire way to victory,
Conquest, triumph, and renowne;
We have a faire bginning, and what's well begun,
(If that the proverbe speakes truth) is halfe done. *exunt.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 3.

Poneria. Agnostus.

Po. **N**OW *Agnostus*, since by the death of *Rhodon*
We have endear'd our selves to *Martagon*,

Tis

RHODON and IRIS

'Tis meet we provide for a backe winter,
 That we purchale some eminence of place,
 To make us glorious in the worlds ill-fighted eye,
 That being great we may the greater mitchiefe doe:
 And since a warre is newly set abroad,
 I will a luter be to Generall *Martagon*,
 To place thee in some military office
 Of high regard and speciall consequence,
 Where by thy ignorant conduct and base carriage,
 Thou mai'st a thousand heroicke soules send packing
 Vnto the Stygian shore.

Ag. Nay good *Poneria*, I finde my selfe unfitting
 for the warres.

Po. What neither hart nor braines; out inglorious lozel;
 Thou most unweldy burthen of the earth:
 I could finde in my heart to kicke thy soule out
 Of thy carkasse: art all compos'd of earth and water?
 Hast not a sparke of ayre or fire in that bulke?

Ag. Nay sweet *Poneria*, I am thy slave.

Po. I tell thee I will procure thee a Captaines place.

Ag. But I am altogether ignorant in the words of com-
 mand,

And know not one posture neither of Musket or Pike.

Po. Hast wit enough to swallow the dead payes,
 And to patch up thy Company in a Mustring day:
 Hast valour enough to weare a Buffe-jerkin
 With three gold laces.

Hast strength enough to support a Dutch felt
 With a flaunting Feather?

Can thy side endure to be wedded to a Rapire
 Hatch'd with gold, with hilt and hangers of the
 new fashion?

RHODON and IRIS.

Canst drinke, drab, and dice :
Canst damne thy selfe into debt among
Beleeving Tradesmen ;
Hast manners enough to giue thy Lievetenant,
Antient or Sergeant leave to goe before thee
Vpon any peece of danger ?
Hast wit enough, in thy anger, not to draw a sword ?
These are the chiefe properties that pertaine
To our moderne Captaines; and if thou
Could'st but be taught these military rudiments,
I doubt not but thou mightst prove a very
Excellent new souldier.

Ag. If this be all, I hope, in time, to be as famous
As e're was *Cesar*, or great *Pompey*.

Po. *Agnostus*, come along, thy selfe prepare
To be a servant to the god of warre.

exunt.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 4.

Rhodon. Acanthus. Anthophotus. Panace.

Rho. **T**His strange imposture hath amaz'd me so,
That I am almost to a statue strucke,
Not knowing what to speake, or what to thinke.

Pa. Assure your selfe it was a strange Collusion :
For this, on my fidelity, beleeve,
That 'twas not ~~he~~ whom you met last night.

Rho. Then 'twas some hellish hag, that, in her shape,
Gave me the venomous confection
Which had undone me quite, if thou in time
Had'st not apply'd thy precious antidote.

But

RHODON and IRIS.

But yet, me thinkes, that heaven should not permit
The subt'lest hellish power to counterfeit
The feature of so beautifull an angell.

Ac. Doubtlesse it was the false *Ponerias* plot,
Whom *Martagon* hath lately entertained,
With her companion, old *Agnostus*;
For, know the malice of your foes is such,
That if by open force they can't destroy you,
By hidden plots they'll seeke your overthrow.

Rho. Then I must pardon crave of gentle *Iris*,
To whom I did ascribe this treacherous fact.

An. If she were guilty of so blacke a deed,
These hands should chaine her to a fatall stake,
And sacrifice her Corps in hideous flames,
Vnto the awfull goddesse of revenge;
(Which done) I'de throw her hatefull ashes up
Against the furious gusts of boistrous winds,
That bring so disperst, there might remaine
Not the leatt relique of so vile a wretch.

Rho. My *Iris* is as cleare as innocency it selfe;
And since my treacherous foes have gone about,
By wicked flights, to wrong so sweet a saint,
And bring me also to a shamefull end,
I here enioyne ye (honourable friends)
Vpon my sword to take a solemne oath,

He drawes his sword, they lay their hands upon it, and kisse it.
Ne're to lay downe your iust and lawfull armes,
Vntill we be avenged to the full,
For such unkindly and disloyall wrongs:
True honour, that with dearest bloud is sought,
Is like a precious gemme that's cheaply bought.

An. It is a life bestow'd upon that wight

That

RHODON and IRIS.

That dares not loose it to maintaine the right:
Him I account a base inglorious sot,
That dares not honor pull from dangers throat. *exunt.*

ACT. 5: SCEN. 5.

Martagon, Cynosbatus, Agnostus, Poneria.

Ma. **L** Ady *Poneria*, upon your commendation,
We bestow a regiment upon this Gentleman.

Po. Thanks (worthy *Martagon*) beleeve it Sir,
Those good respects which I to your affaires owe,
Vrg'd me t' importune you for his employment,
Because I know him to be a tri'd souldier,
Of great experience, worth and merit:
How say you, Colonell *Agnostus*,

I hope your actions shall make good my words hereaf.

Ag. I am at your service, Madam *Poneria*: (ter.
I am a man of action, I confesse.

Po. Trust me sir, although he wants verball expreffion,
He is a Gentleman of singular abilities.

Ma. And I thinke no lesse, for th'are not good words
That makes deserving souldiers, but good swords.

Cy. He lookes as if he had bin bred, borne,
And brought up in a Leager all his life time.

Enter Gladiolus.

Gla. Noble Generall; the beaut'ous *Eglantine*
Wisheth all happinesse to your designs,
Desiring that this paper may kisse your hands for her.

He opens the Letter.

Ma. Tis about a place, Ile pawne my life on't:

Hearc

RHODON and IRIS.

Heare me Mounfier, I understand the businesse:
Her request is granted.

She when she please, may at my hands command
A greater curtesie then this.

Gla. Thanks honor'd Sir.

Ma. On you I bestow a Captaines place.

Gla. Now I perceive that the readi'st way to attaine
Preferment in the Court of *Mars*,
Is to creepe into the favour of *Venus*.

Ma. I understand you are a man o' reall worth,
And very sufficient for such an office. *Enter Acanthus*

Ac. Imperious *Martagon*, that art no lesse
Knowne for thy power, then thy wickednesse:
In *Rhodons* name I doe defie thee here,
Who chalengeth the Combat at thy hands,
To be aveng'd on thee for thy foule wrongs:
But if thou dar'st not in a single fight,
Give satisfaction to the noble Shepheard;
Then thee and all thy troopes he doth invite,
To a bloody breakfast to morrow morne.
Attended by a vigorous army he
Stands in the confines of his owne dominions,
Swearing that he will prove it in the field,
That thou a tyrant and a traitour art.

Ma. Bold friend, I prethe speake ingeniously,
Doth this defiance come from *Rhodons* mouth.

Ac. Vpon my life, & by the honor of a souldier it doth.

Ma. Then tell him, I'me resolu'd to be a guest,
More bold then welcome at his bloody feast.

Ac. I will great *Martagon*; and misdoubt not,
But that your cheere shall be exceeding hot. *Exit Aca.*

Ma. Dissembling witch: how hast thou beguil'd use?

I

Po. What

RHODON and IRIS.

Po. What aduerse power hath crost our plot?

Ma. Did'st not thou with thy deep protestations force us
To give strong credence to thy false relations,
When thou affirm'dst that thou hadst poyson'd *Rhodon*.

Po. The opposition of the cursed fates
Hath brought us to deseru'd confusion.

Ma. Avant you hagge, abhominable forceresse,
Here I doe thee on paine of death enioyne,
With that Impostor thy companion,
Immediately to depart out of my Dominions.

Po. Now I accursed wretch have scene too well,
That heaven will not be overrul'd by hell.

Ag. How sodainly by one contrarious gust,
Is all our honour tumbled into dust.

Ma. Since that our brauing foe is now at hand,
(*Cynosbatus*) we must not thinke of a retreat.

Cy. What your discretion holds fit to be done,
I condiscend to noble *Martagon*.

Ma. Then let us meet our proud foe face to face,
And with our swords and speares that right maintaine,
Which lately we by sword and speare did gaine. *exeunt.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 6.

Rhodon, Antiochobatus, Acanthus.

Rho. **D**eserving friends and fellow souldiers,
Now arme your selves with *Romane* fortitude.
First call to minde the iustice of our cause,
And then let each remember that true honour,
Which must be valu'd above health and life:

Consider.

RHODON and IRIS

Consider also that we must contend,
Against a tyrant and a meere usurper;
A person guilty of no meane offences,
Which must be iustly punish'd by our swords.

Enter Poneria, Agnostus.

Po. Thrice noble *Rhodon*, in whose noble brest
True pittie dwels, vouchsafe a pardon
To us distressed Caitives.

Rho. I neither know what your offences are, nor yet you.

Po. I am the unfortunate *Poneria*, (seizes.
That was suborn'd by uniuert *Maragon*
To worke thy utter ruine :
I did conduct the love-sicke *Eglantine*
Vnto thy presence instead of *Iris* :
I caus'd her to give thee a poysonous drinke,
Vnder the pretence that it was a love-potion.
I have deserv'd to dye, and crave life at your hands.

Rho. And are you the grand incendiary
That have so many mischiefs wrought in *Thessaly* ?
Now I remember I have seen your elvish countenance,
Nor have I altogether forgot your reverent mate,
Who with his personated gravity deludes the world,
Being accounted a man of profound art.

Acanthus, see them committed to safe custody,
See you make them sure for starting. *exeunt Po.*

Po. Nay worthy sir. *Ag. Ac.*

Ac. You must away, for no entreaties can prevaile.

Rho. The apprehension of these wretches doth presage
Auspicious fortunes to our actions; *Drum beats a march*
List, list, *Anthephotus*, our enemies are at hand, *within*
Their thundring drums warne us of their approach.

Wee'le bid them nobly welcome then : this day will I

RHODON and IRIS.

Victorious be (I vow) or bravely dye.

Rho. Thy honour'd resolution I commend,
And take it for a signe of good successe. *Enter Acan.*

Ac. Arme, arme : the hostile forces are in sight,
And thus come marching on in proud array :
The battaile's led by *Martagon* himselfe,
Wherein are marshal'd neere five thousand Bill men,
All clad in coats of red :

A furious *Amazon* cald *Tulipa*,
Brings on three thousand burley *Swissers*,
Arat'd in gorgeous Coats of red and yellow ;
And these make up the vanne :

To which are added for a forlorne hope,
Two hundred melancholy Gentlemen.

The fierce *Cynosbatus* brings up the Rere,
Wherein about two thousand souldiers be
Clad all in greene, and arm'd with pikes of Steele.

Narcissus with a thousand *Daffadils*,
Clad in deepe yellow coats doth flanke
The right side of the battaile.

The left wing is by *Hyacinthus* led,
Wherein a thousand Souldiers march,
Arraid in purple coats.

Enter Martagon, Rhodon.

Ma. What fury tempted thee unhappy *Rhodon*,
In hostile manner thus to invade my confines.

Rho. For *Violettas* sake I tooke up armes,
Whom thou uniuistly hast oppress. *Musicke sound,*

Ma. What I have done my sword shall justifie.

Rho. Whence comes this most harmonious melody.

Enter Flora, Iris, Eglantine, Panace.

Flo. Put up those murdering blades on paine of my dis-
pleasure,

Confine

RHODON and IRIS.

Confinè them to perpetuall prison in the scabbard,
That they may nere come forth to manage civill broiles.

All. We must obey, and will, Oh awfull goddesse.

Flo. While in my flowry bowers I tooke repose,
I heard the noyse of these tumultuous broiles,
Which strooke me with a wonderfull amazement.

Then hastily I left my bankes of pleasure,
And hither came to end these mortall iarres;
Therefore I charge you both on that allegiance
And respect which you doe owe to me,
Quite to dismisse your armed bands.

And you *Martagon*, who have faire *Violetta* wrong'd,
To her shall make an ample restitution,

Of what y' have tane from her;

And entertaine a friendly league with *Rhodon*,

Which you *Cynoshatus* must also condescend to:

But as for you fond Madam *Eglantine*,

Since you have broke the sacred lawes of love,

And by unlawfull meanes sought to accomplish

Your designs, and make the Shepheard *Rhodon*
Enamor'd on you:

You to a vestall Temple shall be confin'd,

Where with ten yeeres pennance

You shall expiate your folly.

But where be those two intruders

Peneria and *Agnostus*.

These that have crept in among us, and with false flights
Sought to ore-throw our state.

Peneria and Agnostus brought.

We banish them quite

Out of *Thessaly* for ever.

What I have decreed you must assent unto;

RHODON and IRIS.

Ma. We doe, because we must. (desse,

Flo. Rhodon, I here bestow on thee this noble ~~Shepher~~ *Shepher*.

Rho. Thanks for your precious gift, renowned Queen.

Flo. And now since all things are reduc'd to ioyfull
Let us betake our selves to sweet delights, (peace,
And solemnize with mirth your nuptiall rites.

Epilogue.

*S*ince Ignorance and Envie now are banish'd;

*S*ince discord from among the flowers is vanish'd;

*S*ince Rhodon is espous'd to Iris bright;

*S*ince warre hath happy Thessaly left quite,

*L*et every one that loves his Countries peace,

*H*is height of gladnesse with his hands expresse.

FINIS.
